

Continued from preceding page.

on the order of tennis, but much more strenuous. Mrs. Tragett is the editor of the *Badminton Gazette*, and lives in London. Her grandfather was Sir Frederick Pollock, last Chief Baron of the Exchequer Court—now defunct. She has written many short stories and, in conjunction with her sister, a volume of poems. Mrs. Tragett is at present working on another novel, but is such a conscientious worker that she cannot say when it will be ready.

Arthur S. Hildebrand, author of "The Parlor Begat Amos," recently issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co., was born in Hartford, Conn. He was graduated from Yale with the class of 1910, and from the Columbia School of Architecture in 1914. It was on his first sketching tour in Europe, during the summer of 1914, that he made up his mind that writing, not architecture, was to be his life work. His plans were interrupted by the war, and he left his post as librarian of the Yale Club to join the American Red Cross in France. He is now sailing in the Mediterranean in a fifty foot yawl of a young Scotchman from the University of Pennsylvania, and they intend to bring her across the Atlantic in the late summer.

Bertram Atkey's first novel is

"Winnie O'Wynn and the Wolves," published by Little, Brown & Co. But as a writer of short stories his name has long been known to readers both in this country and in England. Indeed, according to an announcement of his publishers, one of his short story characters stood in a way of establishing a world's long distance record for successive appearances, making a bow, month after month, in no less than ninety short stories. Mr. Atkey lives in London.

Jane Revere Burke, author of "The One Way," is a great-granddaughter of the Paul Revere of the famous ride. She was born in Boston and educated there and in Europe, where she spent five or six years in England, France and Germany. She was married to Nicholas P. T. Burke, a great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson, in 1902, and went to live in Alexandria, Va., where her two children were born. Her husband died in 1907, and she returned to Boston. Mazo de la Roche, author of "Explorers of the Dawn," published by the Alfred A. Knopf Company, was born in Toronto, Canada. She studied art for several years before turning to writing. Although "Explorers of the Dawn" is her first book, she has contributed to many American and Canadian magazines.

their ceremonious greeting from a solitary emperor penguin.

"As we approached he came forward and bowed his head in greeting with a grace that a courtier might envy. We clumsily returned this salutation, whereupon his majesty made several more genuflections. After this ceremonial he gazed at us, and then, advancing to within two yards, delivered a short speech in penguin language, to which we endeavored to make appropriate replies. It was obvious that the comely bird, never having seen our like before, took us for fellow creatures and was extending to us a friendly greeting . . . though he must have thought us a set of dull witted churls as we stood there like yokels in comparison with his perfect self-possession and faultless manners making silly attempts to imitate him."

It seems, however, that the Adelle penguins are the most human and lovable of these strange people. The pictures of their life are singularly successful and the descriptions of their customs quaint beyond belief. This is the woeing scene:

"Picking up a small stone in his beak he advanced and laid the offering at her feet. He then looked up into her face and said: 'Quaawk!'—to which remark she deigned no reply, nor took any notice of him whatever. He then brought another stone, with the same result, and yet another—each time looking into her eyes and saying: 'Quaawk!' . . . Now it was quite plain what all this meant. Penguins make their nests

of stones, and the offering of them was unmistakably in the way of a proposal of marriage."

The last chapter is given over to Capt. Scott's own diary, and the photographs used throughout this portion are printed from the films exposed by Scott himself and the men with him and which were found with their bodies.

"Beside the notebooks were the little camera and two rolls of film. In these films there were latent, amongst others, the three photographs reproduced herein, which show the explorers at the South Pole—probably the most tragically interesting photograph in the world. . . . The films were nearly two years old at the time they were exposed at the South Pole. For eight months those two rolls of film lay on the snow—beside the dead bodies of three of the five explorers whose images were hidden therein. . . ."

The death of Capt. Oates is told at some length in this diary of Capt. Scott's. He was disabled, and in order not to burden his companions in their hopeless journey he calmly stepped out into the blizzard, and found in it his solitary death and burial.

"A search was made for Capt. Oates's body (by the party who came afterward), but it was never found. . . . a cross was placed on the scene of the search with the inscription:

"Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman, Capt. L. E. G. Oates of the Inskiping Dragoons."

"Later, at Hut Point, a cross was erected to the memory of Capt. Scott

and the others, on which this line from Tennyson's *Ulysses* was carved:

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Under the title "The New Science of Radio," Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish within the next few weeks Donald Wilhelm's history of the new science which is revolutionizing the world's systems of communication. The book serves a double purpose. The first part is devoted to the development of wireless and the personalities of the men who have made it possible, and the second to the mechanics of the instrument itself. He explains clearly the limited knowledge that even the scientists who have developed radio possess of this mysterious medium which penetrates space, not only the intangible space about us but more solid space, such as buildings, stone walls, the human body and the earth itself, and makes possible an instantaneous connection between places as distant as Arlington and Rome, 4,000 miles away. In the portion devoted to "line radio" Mr. Wilhelm had the cooperation of Gen. Squier, the discoverer of "wired wireless," and his associates, who have given him the most up to date and authoritative information obtainable. This method of sending messages on the waves of ether beside telephone or telegraph wires is an important phase of the new science, for it is in this direction that commercial wireless will probably develop.

'The Great White South'

THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH. By Herbert G. Ponting. Robert M. McBride & Co.

IN "The Great White South" by Herbert G. Ponting, the photographer of the ill omened British Antarctic expedition of 1910-13, we have a book which has a value quite other and greater than its value to science and history. It is much to us to know of the animal life of the Antarctic, much to be able, in comfortable leisure, to study amazing pictures of polar ice made by one who is a past master in photography. But remember that this expedition was the one that failed. Remember that Scott died and how he died; and that before his death he had the bitterness of finding that Amundsen had won the race.

"It is a terrible disappointment," Scott wrote in the journal which the searchers found when they found his body, eight months after the last entry, "and I am very sorry for my loyal companions," and he comments upon the tent of Amundsen which he finds a little way from the Pole: "The tent is fine—a small, compact affair supported by a single bamboo." And Mr. Ponting comments proudly:

"In the photographs which they took that day it is magnificently eloquent of the manner in which the explorer took the frustrating of their hopes that one of the films shows four of the party laughing."

The portrayal of this courage of Scott and his party is in fact the primary and lofty purpose of the book as set forth even in its dedication, which we can do no better than to quote here:

"Dedicated to the memory of my late chief and comrades, who, after reaching the South Pole, perished on their homeward way, bequeathing to their race a priceless heritage in the story of their heroism and self-sacrifice, and devotion to purpose, ideals and duty. . . ."

There you have it, reduced to its simplest terms. In his brief foreword the theme is somewhat amplified.

"The book's object is to present in simple language and pictures some fresh aspects of the setting of that epic Polar drama, which must ever stand out in the annals of exploration for the beauty of character revealed in those who took leading parts and perished in the final scene," and he goes on to quote from Capt. Scott himself:

"He expressed to the author the sentiment that it was much to be desired that the youth of the nation should become conversant with such adventures as polar expeditions, as this would help to stimulate a fine and manly spirit in the rising generation."

It was by no choice of his own that Mr. Ponting was not a member of that division of Capt. Scott's party which pushed on to the pole and death.

"I was anxious," he writes, "to accompany the polar party as far as possible, but Capt. Scott explained that it would be quite impossible to transport my heavy apparatus. Every ounce that could be carried on the sledges other than camping equipment would be food. . . ."

There would be nothing to photograph but the level plain of boundless, featureless ice, with the long caravan stringing out to the horizon. Besides, too, work of more importance awaited me elsewhere—in recording the seal and bird life, which he regarded as the highest value to zoology."

He gives a deeply moving picture of their final leavetaking:

"It was very cold, and a biting wind was blowing; and ice and sky mingled in the south, into which the foremost units of the caravan were rapidly disappearing. On the bosom of that vast wilderness of ice I could think only of the unknown perils and hardships that lay ahead of them, and when I tried to speak I could not voice the words I wished to say. I could only look into Scott's eyes and grip his hand as he wished me 'Good-bye and good luck!' with my work. But I felt he understood. . . . I stood with a feeling of depression and loneliness at heart until they shrank into the distance. . . . They were destined never to return from the heart of the Great Alone."

Scott went on then, and Ponting returned to his photography of Antarctic animal life and tremendous ice effects. He had no easy time. "My camera and cinematograph equipment weighed more than 200 pounds, and when visiting a point a few miles away it was wise to take camping kit and food for several days lest a blizzard should descend upon us."

He seems to regard his telephotograph panorama of the Western Range as his greatest triumph in the technique of photography. He describes his methods at some length, but one does not need to be familiar with the more abstruse matters of photography in order to appreciate the difficulty of the undertaking.

"It was necessary that the picture should be taken from as great a height as possible, for the tendency of telephotography is to annihilate perspective, and from sea level the intervening icebergs would appear to be close to the mountains, some of which were about ninety miles away. . . . Week after week passed by. . . . On the rare occasions when the wind was at rest and the mountains visible, the radiation from the ice was now as bad as formerly it had been from open water. . . . A frozen sea was essential."

But at last the propitious day came, after months of waiting.

"I had the satisfaction of developing, an hour later, twelve beautiful negatives of one of the longest distance panoramic telephotographs ever secured."

The chapters dealing with his studies of antarctic animal life are a brilliant bit of comedy in a book which is of necessity overshadowed by the high tragedy of its ending. One thinks of the seals, the skua gulls, the Emperor penguins and the Adelle penguin as peoples, differing from other inhabitants of the planet by the accidental circumstance of their shaping rather than in intellect. "The real inhabitants," he calls the penguins. Read this,

("Think")

"Thoughts are the Masters and the Thinkers are the doers"—Confucius.

One of the most successful of teachers is a Montreal Nun—successful because she insistently teaches undergraduates to THINK. Force of thought is better than force of will. A trip-hammer is all force, but unless guided by a THINKER strikes a pile or a cream puff with equal power. Then there is the nagger with a tongue-will of poiseless, perpetual power but—thought-proof

Do you fail in clearness of thought and expression—especially in conversation?

Do you as host, hostess or guest want a spur to cleverness of thought, wit and repartee?

Do you teach, preach or lecture?—want a text for letters, talks—or Sermons?

Do you dictate at home (?)—at office—or both?

Do you want to give straight-to-the-point advice to your children, your friends, your employees and YOURSELF?

If an employer, commend KEYSTONES OF THOUGHT to your employes—surely to the stenographers.

If you have a delinquent debtor send him or her a marked copy—Page 132.

If easily discouraged, a victim of worry, fear, the blues, "Keystones" is your prescription.

Is Christianity a Failure? Have you an active or passive grouch against the clergy (a now fashionable disease among front pew profiteers) because of "what they say and do and because of the way they live"?

Do you want something to "crib" for public dinners and other occasions? The most delightful of all after-dinner speakers are a couple of New Yorkers, one English, the other Irish—a Fletcher—a Murphy. Never lengthy, always aphoristic, they say more in five minutes than all the "wax-works" on the dais drone, drawl or spout in hours.

THEN READ—MEMORIZE AND USE

KEYSTONES OF THOUGHT

By Austin O'Malley, M.D., Ph. D., LL. D.

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Note:—Whether young or old, Sage or Seer, Poet, Philosopher, or whatnot, if you think YOU can match KEYSTONES OF THOUGHT in aphoristic originality, in depth, deftness, wit, wisdom, humor,—in tonic-cheer for all of life's worries, troubles and adversities, you are welcome to try. If successful, The Devin-Adair Company will send you a check for an acceptable but well-earned sum—and your work will be promptly published.

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